Feed Me Dammit by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

When Nancy wakes up, they go to their favorite restaurant.

Feed Me Dammit

Author's Note:

> Y'all know I had to. The second I said they were engaged I HAD TO.
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Nancy wakes up about forty five minutes later. Steve had tried to fall asleep but he wanted to listen to her breathing which sounded labored. It had evened out slightly, and finally Nancy blinks up at him. Her hair's a mess, the literal definition of sex hair and her makeup is everywhere. She looks beautiful,

“Hi my beautiful girl, how are you doing?”

She moves to sit up and hisses,

“Oh god I’m broken.”

“What?” Steve asks concerned.

The bruises are already darker, and he’s genuinely scared the bite mark on her shoulder will scar. She won’t care of course. She’s got so many scars anyway but he does.

“Holy shit I’m sore. Good lord, I didn’t,” she tries to move and he hears a crack. She sighs, not actively in pain, just annoyed, “Help me up before I’m stuck in this bed forever.”

Steve stands up and gently pulls Nancy to her feet. She winces as she stretches her body, then sways, lightheaded.

“You need food,” Steve says immediately.

“I need to pee, you plied me full of Gatorade before I fell asleep.”

“You needed it. Pee, I’ll get you a pain reliever.”

He gets her some ice water, and a prescription strength tylenol from

when he'd got a tooth removed,

"Here baby."

"Can I have two?"

He sighs,
"In an hour I'll give you another. You gotta eat first baby."

She stands up and flushes the toilet, moving to wash her hands,

"Can we have Lee's?"

Steve kisses her head, handing her a makeup wipe,

"We can have whatever my baby wants. I'll go pick it up."

She rolls her eyes at him, face now bare of all makeup,

"I can walk two blocks away, don't be ridiculous. Give me something of yours to wear, I'm cold. And I don't think I'll ever be able to wear tight clothes again," she says, lightly touching the bruise on her ribs.

"Are you really okay?" Steve asks, going to find them both an outfit.

"Yes, I'm just being dramatic. I'm sore, not in pain. I'll survive."

He kisses her softly,

"Good, I can't go breaking my fiancee now."

"Where ever would you find a new one?" She teases.

She dresses in a pair of his black joggers and an old Hawkins High crew neck and he wears a pair of gray sweatpants and a University of Indiana hoodie. He helps her slide on some Nike slides and they head down the stairs of their apartment. Lee's is their favorite Chinese restaurant and since it's just now seven, they're still open. The door chimes and they're greeted by the scent of sweet orange chicken.

Lee's daughter Mai is behind the counter tonight and she waves brightly when she sees them. She's a bit older than them, with three kids, and is always working so her dad can have time off,

“Steve! Nancy! It’s been awhile!” She says, standing up and heading to the register.

“We were here last week,” says Steve, hand around Nancy’s waist, leading her to the counter.

“Well I wasn’t, so it doesn’t count! Are you guys having the usual?” she asks, smiling.

“Yeah, the usual. With um, extra of those almond cookies this time?” Says Nancy softly, pointing to the menu.

“You’ve got it,” Mai types into the computer and then looks up, grabbing Nancy’s hand, “what is this?!” She shrieks staring at Nancy’s two carat teardrop engagement ring.

“I, we,”

“You guys didn’t tell me!” She shouts, betrayed.

“It just happened!” Steve promises.

“When?” She demands, crossing her arms.

“Sunday, I promise.”

She huffs,

“Am I invited to the wedding?”

Nancy nods,

“Don’t be ridiculous of course!”

She nods, satisfied,

“Tong, get out here!” She shouts.

Out comes her husband Tong, a big round guy with a killer smile,

“Nancy and Steve are getting married!”

He smiles,

“Oh my god! Brother, you finally did it!”

“You knew?!” Both Mai and Nancy ask loudly.

Tong chuckles,

“The usual for you guys?”

Mai smacks her arm,

“Are you kidding me?! Get out of here! Make their usual, give them a shit ton of cookies too.”

Steve hands over the card and Mai rolls her eyes,

“It’s on the house.”

“Mai we can’t,” starts Nancy, “We can and we will. Now go sit down!”

Nancy laughs and Steve helps her over to the table, sitting her on his lap. She holds out her hand, staring down at her ring,

“That was fun.”

He nuzzles her neck,

“Was it?”

She nods,

“Maybe we can tell people.”

“Just maybe?” he whispers into her ear.

“Fine, you can tell people,” she sighs.

He laughs,
“I get to tell Dustin.”

“I get to tell Max,” replies Nancy.

“I’m telling Mike.”

Nancy looks up at him,

“What? No!”

Steve shrugs,
“He deserves to know I finally did it.”

She pouts, then gets a brilliant idea,

“Then you have to tell my parents.”

“Oh fuck,” he mutters.

She curls into his chest giggling,

“I love you.”

“I love you more.”